

Oxford Democrat.

No. 51, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 25, 1848.

Old Series, No. 9, Volume 17.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. MASON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,

IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms—

the proprietor not being accountable for any error

beyond the amount charged for the advertisement—

A reasonable deduction will be made for payment in

advance.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Mother's Assistant.

"Saw Up and Saw Down."

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"We must have some new furniture, and that

soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely sur-

vay of the parlors, one morning, tooth prick in

hand. "I have been looking at our cousin Mad-

ison's—very fine, theirs; really, ours begins to

look shabby, arkish!"

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys

who followed him in the survey.

"Arkish, my son; it looks as if it were from

the ark; quite out of date; we must have new."

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a

lady, rising from the breakfast table, and fol-

lowing on; "this will answer for some time to

come; it is hardly ten years old, and you know

how handsome it was considered then."

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-

hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our

means? said the gentleman, chuckling; "but

it looks old now—out of date, at least—beside

our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked

the wife. "Look at these three boys to provide

for," as she pointed Phil's early pate.

"Ah, we'll look out for them—time enough for

that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed

them. "But we must not be too snug; some-

thing is due to our station," upon which he

drew himself up, a little pompously perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to

lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! the weather will

take care of itself," he said, good-naturedly, go-

ing out of the room; then thrusting his head

into the door, added, "I'll send the porter up

with those things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," bellowed the lady;

there are Madison and Philip, who would

give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let us go!" about-

ed the two.

"No, no; let the porter do those things;

cousin Madison's boys—"

"Must not be patterns for ours," playfully in-

terrupted the wife, placing her hand on his

mouth.

"Do you think it best for the boys to go?"

they can't bring it.

"Yes, father, yes! let us try! there's no-

thing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared

the two.

"See mother is for your working; well, per-

haps it is best, under all circumstances. Come

with me," and so from his handsome parlors de-

parted Mr. Philip K. his father, a rich mer-

chant as the world reputed him, with his two

eldest, Philip and Madison—pale, slender boys

often and eight years.

Some time passes away; and although the

subject of new furniture was frequently brought

up, and cousin Madison's sufficiently com-

mented upon, yet my mother never cordially

assented to its being bought; not needing it, to

her, was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before Thanksgiving,

a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style

of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door,

the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for

the parlors. Our mother looked at it somewhat

ungraciously, and drew out her exclamations of

silence. At dinner when our father ap-

peared, he threw himself into the new rock-

ing-chair, saying, "Ah! Jane, this is just what

I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

We looked at him, and there was a strange

palestness about his mouth. "Is it not easy?" he

asked, resting his head back, and looking into

my mother's face as if her full coincidence of

opinion were only needed to complete his en-

joyment. She smiled pleasantly, then pressed

her hand upon his forehead. "I fear you are

not well," she said tenderly; your head is very

hot." My father was not well; he soon entered

his chamber, and the next day, and next, and

next, grew more sick. The three weeks that

succeeded I shall never forget; dreary, dreary,

dreary, to me, the invalid boy for I was

world to do when I begged a story, or my

squares wanted basting. You see I have not

forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the

love of the musty law-books which lined my

office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and

painful solitude, and faithful devotion on my

mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas! skill,

or medicine, or nursing, or prayer, availed no-

thing. My father was sinking! Madison and

Philip were suffered to roam at large—a free-

dom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent—

The servants went about on tiptoe, and whisper-

ed one to another. The doctor came often.

Strange faces appeared now and then in the

entry. I was left to take care of myself, until

Nancy put me into the parlor, and bade me be

a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in, and

kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had

sorrowfully laid down, placed me upon his

knees, calling me "his poor little boy." Cousin

Madison Jones entered, and he, so tall and big

who never spoke to little children, patted me

on the arm, saying, "Ah! poor little fellow;

can't realize it—no, no!" and then he suffered

me to take in my own hand his cane—his Bra-

zilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the

top; the cane which he had forbidden me even

to touch. The cane pleased me but for a mo-

ment; then I looked up into their faces to learn

wherefore this tenderness. I felt it meant some-

thing, a sad something, and instinctively called

for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to

you," said the gentleman, gently laying my head

upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered,

with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! Don't ask for your

mother; she don't want to see you," declared

Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across

the room, with a stern and chilling look. Not-

withstanding the choking in the throat, and a

blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my little

thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to

myself, "I must try to be a man mother says; I

must not cry—no, Johnny must not cry." It

was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry; he

laid patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's

arms.

That night Nancy undressed and put me in

my trundle-bed scarcely speaking, nor did she

stop to hear my prayers, nor did mother come

in to give me my good night kiss, as she always

had. What fears filled my little bosom! I was

awed and frightened by the strange stillness of

everything and every body. I tossed restless-

ly. I talked aloud to keep myself company.

I said my prayers over and over again, to com-

fort my heart and keep up my courage. When

at last, it seemed as if my mother even had for-

gotten me, I kept up my stout heart by whisper-

ing, "Jesus loves little children, he does—mother

says so. I am sure he does; mother read it to

me."

What a world of authority in "mother says

so!" Oh! mothers, say careful and judicious

things, for your words never die.

Falling asleep, I dreamed of rolling off my

bed—that I was tied up in a log of my drawers,

and somebody was going to dash me in pieces.

With my heart aching, and ready to break, I

awoke. Silent—everything silent. "I will find

my mother," was the heroic, half-waking resolu-

tion, as I tumbled out of bed, with my poor

lame foot. My father's door was reached be-

yond the long, dark entry, and I crept in

through the half-open door. By the pale lamp

light, I could see no one but a strange man on

the bed-side. My heart fell; then I pushed a

little further in; on the other side of the bed

sat the dear object of my night search. "My

mother! My mother! I did not cry it out; but

my heart beat with delight. Softly I moved to-

wards her. She sat down, with her face bent

over the pillow; there was white all about, and

her face was very white too. She neither hear-

ed nor heeded me, but I had found her, reached

her chair, and was actually holding on the

rounds, when I heard a strange noise, a groan,

a deep hard breathing, which frightened me.

"It's all over," whispered the man.

My mother's head dropped upon the pillow,

and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber

of death. I clung to her knee; "Mother dear,

mother!" I whispered, something between joy

and sorrow and terror; "do let me stay with

you!" She looked around, then taking me up,

clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her

tears scalded my cheek.

like my brothers, nearer and dearer. My heart,

little though it was, had beat close to hers in its

darkest hour.

Sad days followed—sad to my mother, sad

to my brothers, as they began to realize in the

funeral pomp and procession the afflictions

which had befallen them; not sadder to me than

the days I lived alone in the nursery. Now, I

could sit by her side, and look, when I would,

up into her pale, sad face.

"You have a great responsibility, certainly—

the bringing up of your three boys," said a friend

who came to pay my mother a visit of sympa-

thy; "but it is not as though you had not enough

to do with, contrasting the luxuries about us

with your own narrow home."

"I do not know how that will be," answered

my mother, with a sigh—a prophetic sigh it

proved to be.

The next painful scene hastened on—an ex-

amination of my father's affairs, and settling his

estate. "No will was discovered, nor was his

reason granted long enough to say anything re-

garding a future provision for his family. On

the last night it was said he attempted to speak,

and looked with unutterable sorrow upon my

mother; but what laid upon his mind his lips in

vain tried to reveal.

It was not long before Mr. Madison Jones,

who administered on the estate, began to utter

short and significant growls, that "things were

no better than they should be; that it was just

as he always said; Philip lived too fast; yes, he

knew from the first how it would be; his family

would be left poor—left to come upon their

friends." Cousin Madison was famous for fore-

sawing results when they appeared; it is not

every one who is thus gifted.

At last came out naked enough that my fa-

ther was a bankrupt. We were poor absolutely

poor, but from a small sum belonging to my

mother, and secured to her in marriage contract.

Its interests had never been touched, and so it

amounted to something, but little enough upon

which to bring up three boys. Rich relations

we had but one, Mr. Madison Jones, and he on-

ly a cousin, who prided himself upon his money

and valued other people by the same standard.

And now what was my mother to do? The

moment she ascertained the actual state of

things she began to act. Would she open a

boarding-house—that gentle and uncertain al-

ternative for poor gentlemen? If possible, no;

her time must be given to her boys.

Did she move into the quarters of that small

tenement in a back street, behind cousin Mad-

ison's, and take in sewing, letting her eldest live

half of his time at his namesake's and sending

the youngest to his grandfather's; or could she

not so manage as to keep them all with her?

"That neighborhood is so bad for the boys;

and besides there is no yard for them to work

in," argued my mother.

"A yard! what do you want a yard for?" asked

cousin Madison, testily.

"Then they can play a great deal with our

boys, and often take their meals with us; every

little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My

mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be

excused from too great an amalgamation of the

boys. She said she would take time to think,

and endeavor to place herself in a situation for

the best good of her sons.

Behold us, then, in four months time, at home

in a village, five miles from—, a village of

which my mother knew very little, except its

neat, well-ordered appearance, and its excellent

clergyman. A cottage presents too many new

associations to indicate truly our poet's

dwelling. It was a simple one-story house that

had been yellow—somewhat unprepossessing

without, perhaps, but within it had two nice

chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting room,

bed room and kitchen. Its chief attraction to

my mother was a small barn and a large yard,

